

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

ARNOLD DOLMETSCH, the musical antiquarian, possesses a remarkable collection of ancient instruments. Among them are a lute with nineteen strings, made in Venice, in 1600; a superb viola da Gamba; an Elizabethan virginal, an admirably preserved harpsichord. With the assistance of Mrs. Dolmetsch and Miss Mabel Johnson, Mr. Dolmetsch interprets music of the past on the instruments for which it was written. These artists are soon to tour America.

ADRIANA PATTI has a young husband who is an enthusiast, properly so, on the subject of his wife's pre-eminence in the past of operatic song. He met a friend at one of the French watering places last summer, and confessed to a cherished hope, a farewell tour of the diva in the United States. Upon this slight basis rests the report that this tour is to be made next season.

THEODORE THOMAS is quoted as saying that in his opinion Edward Elgar, the English composer, is "the superior as an orchestral writer of any man the world knows now, or ever has known, for that matter."

BEN DANES and Edward Lloyd, two English tenors of high rank, are soon to appear in American concert halls.

RICHARD MANSFIELD asks: "What is Shakespeare?" then he continues, to say: "We are all the time hearing people who say that is all very fine, but it is not Shakespeare. I do not see how a great investiture of his plays, where it is applicable, should not be Shakespeare as well as the tallow dips or the 'floats' of our forefathers. We must progress. 'Richard III' will never be played in the 'good old' way again. The out-

rageously humpbacked and distorted Richard has gone forever. It was tradition to add to his hump; it was originality to add to his limp; it was genius to make him knock-kneed and howl. They kept looking back, but not far enough, namely, to real history and contemporary views of him. Whatever else I have failed to do I have knocked that 'palm' caricature sky high. I have thought of a national theater, dreamed of it, planned for it for years. If the public stands by me a few years more, a very few years, so that I can see a future secure of comfort for those I love, it would be my pride and pleasure to serve such a theater, acting in it at times and teaching others whatever I know of acting and theatrical art for the limit of my years."

THEODORE FREIBUS who impersonates the roystering blade, Captain Mignon, in "Notre Dame," succeeded John Drew in the title role of "Richard Carvel."

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' first play in which Henry Miller will star under the management of Charles B. Dillingham, will be called "The Taming of Helen." This title was decided on last Saturday night after a long conference between the playwright star and manager.

"The Taming of Helen" is unique in plot, but in a few incidents is reminiscent of his short story, "The Lion and the Unicorn." The scene of the piece is laid in London, and deals with Bohemian life there. Miller plays the role of a young American playwright who is in London attempting to dispose of a clever comedy which he has written. He is in love with an American society girl, but

they are separated by a passing estrangement, which is somewhat intensified by the interest which a handsome English actress displays in the young American.

Jessie Millward will assume the role of the English actress, which seems particularly suitable for her. After the pre-bial trials of a literary tyro, and the heartaches caused by lack of appreciation of his work, his comedy is suddenly given an opportunity and put on in place of a play which has proven a failure. This is brought about by the friendship of the English actress, who interests an influential manager in the young playwright.

Helen, the American society girl, mistakes the interest of the other woman for love; but the comedy is the success of the London season, the young playwright suddenly springs into fame and everything is righted to the satisfaction of all concerned.

In addition to Mr. Miller, the company will include Jessie Millward, Grace Elliston, Margaret Bourne, Martha Waldron, Percy Lindell, Cranley Douglas, John Flood, and Bertram Harrison.

BEERBOHM TREE, of Her Majesty's Theater in London, has decided upon the indefinite postponement of Shakespeare's "Richard II." in favor of a version of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," which has made a hit in Paris. The English version, however, will differ materially from the French. Mr. Morton and M. Batteille collaborated in framing the skeleton of the play, but it was agreed that each should write his own dialogue, so that although in the two versions the incidents will be identical in nature and in order, the spoken lines will be entirely different. On this point a London writer on stage

affairs says: "Having regard to the painful character of the incidents and to the remorseless manner in which the author has handled a subject instinct with the lowest as with the noblest passions of mankind, it is by no means probable that Mr. Tree will boldly announce his new production as designed for grown-up people only. Few will question the wisdom of such a step, for by doing so he merely seeks to safeguard the interests of possible visitors to His Majesty's. If among public institutions the theater is to be a genuine moral force, if among its various pretensions it may claim to inculcate a great moral lesson, then surely it should not be hindered in the pursuit of its high ideal."

The "New York Evening Post" makes this further comment: "It remains to be seen whether Mr. Beerbohm Tree will profit by this hint, or whether the stage censor will give him the chance to do so. One would imagine that a play professionally too gross for general exhibition would assuredly encounter the interdiction of that officer. Of course, the pretense that the enactment of vulgar or obscene things upon the stage is necessary to the fulfillment of its mission as a high moral influence, or that there is any thought of art or morality, or of anything else but gain in the minds of the men who seek to attract the crowd by rank sensationalism, is not only ridiculous on the face of it, but utterly contemptible and base in motive."

It should still be noted there are some plays which are entirely suitable for adults to see but unsuited to the mind of a child. If Mr. Tree can devise a means of presenting these works to audiences of adults only, he will confer a great boon on the theater.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE MYSTIFIES WINCHESTER

Young Woman Arrives in Town, Engages Board, and Has Not Been Heard of Since.

WINCHESTER, Va., Dec. 19.—The night of December 2 a handsome young woman arrived here and stopped at the Evans Hotel. She went to a private house the next day, where she secured board and paid a week in advance.

After a short time she left the house without telling anyone that she was going away. She has not been heard from since.

She left a pair of shoes and some clothing in the room, one of the sleeves being pinned together near the shoulder. As she wore a cape continually, and used only her right hand, it is thought probable that she had only one arm.

The young woman told persons here that she was from Harrisburg, Pa. She appeared to be about twenty-five years old. The only Harrisburg registration on the books of the hotel on December 2 is Miss Carrie Gibson.

William O. Craig, of this county, while cutting wood, let his ax slip and it made a deep wound on his leg. Blood poisoning was threatened, and now he has an attack of typhoid fever.

S. F. Garton was painfully injured by a fall on the street.

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU.

Few People Realize the Importance of Good Digestion Until It Is Lost.

Many people suffer from dyspepsia and do not know it. They feel mean, out of sorts, peevish, do not sleep well, do not have a good keen appetite, do not have the inclination and energy for physical or mental work they once had, but at the same time do not feel any particular pain or distress in the stomach. Yet all this is the result of poor digestion, an insidious form of dyspepsia which can only be cured by a remedy specially intended to cure it and make the digestive organs act naturally and properly digest the food eaten. Bitters, after dinner pills and nerve tonics will never help the trouble; they don't reach it. The new medical discovery does. It is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and is a specific for dyspepsia and indigestion. It cures because it thoroughly digests all wholesome food taken into the stomach, whether the stomach is in good working order or not.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets by digesting the food, instead of making the worn stomach do all the work, gives it a much needed rest and a cure of dyspepsia is the natural result.

When you are nervous, run down and sleepless, don't make the common mistake of supposing your nervous system needs treatment and fill your stomach with powerful nerve tonics which make you feel good for a little while only to fall back farther than ever.

Your nerves are all right but they are starved, they want food.

Nourish them with wholesome every day food and plenty of it, well digested, and you can laugh at nerve tonics and medicine.

But the nerves will not be nourished from a weak, abused stomach, but when the digestion has been made perfect by the use of this remedy all nervous symptoms disappear.

Who ever heard of a man or woman blessed with a vigorous digestion and good appetite being troubled with their nerves?

Good digestion means a strong nervous system, abundance of energy and capacity to enjoy the good things of life.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will certainly set your stomach and digestive organs right; they can't help you do it because they nourish the body by digesting the food eaten, and rest the stomach.

You get nourishment and rest at one and the same time, and that is all the worn out dyspeptic needs to build him up and give new life to every organ and an added zest to every pleasure.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet are a god-send to the army of men and women with weak stomachs, weak nerves, and justly merits the claim of being one of the most worthy medical discoveries of the time.

RECEPTION IN HONOR OF ARCHBISHOP FALCONIO

Many Prominent People Greet the Papal Delegate at Trinity College.

A brilliant reception was given in honor of Archbishop Falconio, the apostolic delegate, by the faculty and students of Trinity College yesterday afternoon. Many prominent persons from Washington journeyed to Brookland to greet the papal delegate.

A musical and literary program by the young ladies of the college gave additional interest to the affair. The following took part:

Misses Helen O'Mahony, Agnes Daly, Florence Rudge, Margaret McDavitt, and Jane Macdonald. Several selections were given by the Trinity Glee Club.

Following these exercises Mr. Falconio made a brief address, in which he advised the students to make the most of their splendid opportunities. "Energy, courage, and perseverance are essential to success," he said. He called attention to the fact that many parents sacrificed much to give their children a higher education, and declared the latter should feel grateful.

In the receiving line with the archbishop were Bishop T. J. Conaty, president of the Catholic University; Mrs. Rooker, auditor of the papal legation; the Rev. Charles Grannan, D. D., of the Catholic University, and Gen. Thomas M. Vincent.

RECEIVERS APPOINTED FOR ST. LOUIS HOTEL

George Lamar and John Ridout Are Designated.

In the case of Gotthold A. Windeck against Herman N. Matthews, in which the former asks the court to dissolve the partnership existing between him and the latter in the conduct and management of the St. Louis Hotel, at the corner of Fourteenth and H Streets northwest, Justice Hagner yesterday appointed George Lamar and John Ridout receivers to take charge of the property.

Mr. Windeck also asked the court to compel the defendant to make an accounting to him, and also to restrain him from disposing of the leases on the property. In his petition, Mr. Windeck said that he entered into partnership with the defendant upon certain representations as to his financial standing and with the understanding that he was to furnish a certain sum of money to be invested in the partnership business. This, Mr. Windeck says, Mr. Matthews failed to do.

A SECRET OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A NOVEL OF MUTINY AND MYSTERY—By W. BERT FOSTER.

COPYRIGHT BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

THIS STORY WAS BEGUN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Thorne, a Harvard student, has been adopted by Mr. Underhill, of Underhill & Monckton, Boston shipping merchants, his own father, Edgar Thorne, the intimate friend of Mr. Underhill and confidential clerk of the firm, having disappeared twenty years before, unjustly suspected of having taken a package containing \$5,000 from the vault. He sails from San Francisco on the ship Jean Fernandez, which is never heard from again. Two years later, when the vault is enlarged, the package is found. When the story opens, Captain Latimer, of the firm's brig Naida, has brought from Auckland a draft from Edgar Thorne to reimburse the firm for the amount lost while under his care. Captain Latimer has met a sailor who claims to have been shipwrecked on an uncharted island in the South Pacific, and to have been rescued by a white man who mysteriously appeared with a ship's logbook, and with whom he made the voyage to Auckland. After selling some beads and buying a draft, the man returned alone to his island.

Howard sails on the Naida for New Zealand to hunt for his father. Mr. Underhill turns over to him for expenses the original \$5,000 package. The fact that it contains a bill of a later date than his father's disappearance causes Howard to believe his father's ruin was deliberately planned by Mr. Monckton, who had been his uncle's rival in love. The second mate of the Naida is Sydney Latimer, the captain's handsome and highly educated daughter. Howard knocks down a sailor, Atwell, who is insolent to her, and incurs his enmity. He finds on board another sailor, Jessop, the man he rescued by his father, and meets friends with him. He is disgusted to find that he has a fellow-passenger—Carter Monckton, son of the man he suspects. Carter comes aboard drunk, and Howard guides him to his stateroom and throws away his flask. Both men admire Sydney, but Howard, unable to conceal his aversion to Carter, is regarded by her as a rascal and rejected. Carter is insolent to Howard in the cabin after dinner one day, and they come to blows. This and the courtesy which Sydney exhibits to young Monckton, thereby arousing

The inlet was fully two cables' length in breadth at the sea, but it rapidly narrowed and was less than a quarter of a mile in length. The cliff skirted it quite closely. They saw that much of the debris from the wreck was being carried toward the head of the inlet by the current which set in from the sea.

Their progress was slow, but at length they drew near the end of the now narrow strait. The current still looked strong, and instead of there being a footway around the head of the inlet, the water lapped against the foot of the cliff itself. In the center was a low opening, and in this mysterious tunnel the water disappeared.

"We've got to wade across, after all," said Thorne, in vexation. "But it's not very wide. That's one satisfaction."

"Not very deep?"

"It doesn't look so from here. But I'll go across first and try it."

"Indeed, you'll not," declared Sydney.

"I am going with you, Mr. Thorne."

"So he said no more, but prepared to breast the flood. The water looked black and cold; but it was not deep near shore, so they waded boldly in. Sydney hardly came up to his shoulder and he was waist deep before Thorne began to feel the force of the current against his limbs.

"It—it is deep," she said, with a gasp.

"Never mind. Stick close to me," he returned, reassuringly. "I can keep my footing in a good deal deeper water than this."

He drew her closer to him and encircled her waist with his arm. Thus, bearing her above the flood, he pressed on. The rocks were slippery beneath his feet; the treacherous undertow tugged at his limbs; but he moved on.

They had almost reached the center of the stream when a little cry from Sydney startled him. He turned his gaze upon the bank before them. A man stood there, staring at them with blazing eyes, and with pale, passion-convinced face.

"It is Mr. Monckton—he is alive!" exclaimed Sydney.

But her cry, which had drawn Thorne's gaze momentarily from the current, was futile. The next step was unsteady. The rock slipped, and in a breath they were floundering in the water. Thorne struggled desperately to regain his foothold and quickly got his head above the surface again. Sydney was choking with the salt water, but otherwise uninjured.

To his horror, however, he could not recover his balance on the slippery rocks. Somehow he had stepped beyond his depth, and the current was dragging him and his precious burden toward the yawning mouth of the tunnel.

He turned his agonized face imploringly to the shore.

"Help! Quick, if you would save us!" he gasped.

Monckton heard him. A sort of shudder went through his frame, but he did not move.

"For God's sake!" shrieked Thorne, feeling his strength deserting him and the current tightening its hold. "If you are a man save her!"

Then Monckton moved. He staggered down to the margin of the current. But Thorne and his burden had already swept by the spot.

"Never mind me—save her!" was his despairing cry.

Monckton ran along the rocky edge of the torrent. Sydney stretched out her arms to him, and then, caught by some fitful eddy, she was snatched away from the shore. They both whirled around in the center of the current for an instant and then shot downward into the tunnel. Thorne caught at the ragged rocks past which they were swept. His hand was torn, his arm wrenched.

Then the current bore them in toward the side of the tunnel. He seized a point of rock and threw his body half out upon it. But the water, as

CHAPTER XIII.

Foes in Adversity.

In a hollow between two heaps of sheltering rock a little fire of driftwood was burning. These rocks and the towering gray cliff sheltered the place on three sides. Before the seaward side two boats were drawn up on the sand—the cutter and long boat of the Naida.

There were two groups of men near the fire. The larger consisted of Atwell and nine of the sailors. At the other side of the blaze an old, gray-haired man sat upon the ground, his elbows on his knees, his face resting in his hands. It was Captain Latimer, and with him were Mr. Sessions, Mr. Pepper, and the mulatto cook, Tonto.

I said there were two groups. There were three, for Jessop and Tom Shields occupied a position between the other two. They were still "neutral," and claimed fellowship with both—or neither. The entire party had just breakfasted from the stores that had been brought in the cutter. The sailors were too terror-stricken to think of food when they left the brig.

"See here, sir," Pepper was saying, with his hand on the captain's shoulder, "she can't have been drowned. She's just got lost along the shore here. Tonto and I'll go up the coast an' see if she's beyond that inlet."

"It's no use, Pepper," responded the old man, sorrowfully. "I've been tramping these sands an' callin' on her all night. She'd ha' heard me if she had been aboveboard."

"Maybe she's found Mr. Thorne, an' they're together somewhere."

But Captain Latimer shook his head. "Poor Thorne!" he said. "He never got away from the brig. That villain Atwell told me he was in the long boat, an' I believed him. I might ha' known he'd got square with the poor lad if he once got the chance. I saw Thorne in the cabin as I was comin' out, an' I don't believe he ever got on deck again."

"Well, I won't believe either he or Miss Sydney's gone below till I find their bodies on the shore yonder," declared Pepper. "Where's Monckton?"

"He's been out searching for them, too, 'most all night," replied the captain.

"A lot he cares about finding Thorne," muttered Sessions in the third mate's ear. "I guess he's a good deal cut up about the girl, though."

"Come on, Tonto, let's see if we can cross that inlet," suggested Pepper. "You'd better wait a bit, sir," said Jessop, looking up.

"How's that?"

"You can't cross that inlet while the tide's runnin' a millrace. The only time when it's safe to do it is when she's just on the turn."

"You're sure this is the island you was wrecked on before?" demanded Sessions.

"No doubt of it, sir."

"Well, we didn't have to hunt far to find it," remarked the mate. "You'd better hear to Jessop, Pepper."

At that moment another man approached along the sand. It was Monckton, his face pallid, his hands shaking as though with the palsy.

"What's the good word?" asked Pepper.

Monckton shook his head, crossed to the opposite side of the fire and sat down silently. Atwell, who had been looking at him curiously, got up and offered him his flask. The other clutched it and drank eagerly.

(WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.)

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

Into the Tunnel's Mouth.

HOWARD did not sleep himself. The severe pain in his injured arm prevented that. But he kept the fire burning brightly and by its light watched the color come and go in the face lying on his breast in its frame of tangled hair. Toward dawn the booming of the surf grew less harsh. The storm was subsiding and the troubled seas beat upon the rocks with a rhythmic sound like the lower notes of a great organ. Through the opening of the cave he could see the light in the sky grow stronger.

The fire died down to a bed of glowing coals. The fresh morning air swept into the cave, and Sydney awoke.

Thorne's face bending over her was the first thing her eyes rested upon. Perhaps she was not quite awake, for she smiled up at him and did not seek to move her head from his arm for a moment. Her eyes closed drowsily, and then she suddenly started up with a full realization of her position. The rich color mounted into her face in an instant; but her eyes expressed nothing but gratitude to him.

"Why, Mr. Thorne, I have slept!" she said.

"All right, Miss Latimer," he replied huskily. "See—the morning is breaking."

"And your poor arm—how is it?" she asked, as he assisted her to rise.

"Well, it is still with me," he returned, trying to smile.

They walked to the mouth of the cave. There was already light enough upon the sea for them to distinguish objects quite clearly. A long way out from the shore the waves broke in foam over the reef on which the Naida had been cast. But the brig had disappeared. Her wreckage strewn the beach and rolled in the surf as far as they could see in either direction.

Their eyes involuntarily sought each other's face. After the awful experience of the night they could never be the same to each other. If Thorne had disapproved of Sydney before, he had forgotten it; and if she had believed him narrow-minded and dishonorable, she had seen her error. Thorne caught his breath with a little gasp, and turned away. He could not say what was in his

heart now. It would be taking an unfair advantage of her and would place her in a position hard indeed to bear. He would wait.

Sydney was eager to set out at once to find her father and the others. But Thorne would not allow her to stir away from the cave until she had eaten heartily of the remaining can of soup.

"We will hide the rest of these provisions here," he said.

"But why not take them with us? They will be a great addition to the supplies we brought in the cutter."

"We will see how things are, first," he returned slowly.

They might find Atwell and the other mutinous sailors in control at the castaways' camp, and he knew that his scanty store of preserved food would be quickly disposed of by the reckless fellows, with no thought for her needs.

The sun had risen by the time they set out. The strange land on which they had been cast was revealed. As far as they could see on either hand the grayish cliffs rose unbroken to a height of 300 or 400 feet. Between the cliffs and the sea was a slightly sloping margin of shingle varying from a few yards to thirty or forty rods in width. The base of the cliff was strewn with broken boulders which had fallen from the summit in some upheaval of nature.

Thorne examined the formation of the rock by daylight with interest.

"Why, it is coral!" he said. "These great cliffs are all the same."

"But the coral insect only works below the sea level," objected Sydney.

"Very true; but the fact remains that this was once a vast coral reef, built perhaps millions of years ago, and now upheaved by some submarine eruption. Jessop told me these unscalable cliffs surround the center of the island in an unbroken chain. It may have been one of those wonders of coral formation—an atoll. When the floor of the ocean on which it rested was unheaved, this reef became a precipice."

They left the cave and walked back toward the inlet into which the current had swept them the night before. Thorne was alert for bits of valuable wreckage, and often ran down and rescued a cask or chest from the surf. The tide was almost at its full, and it was possible to drag these articles above high water mark.

They left the cave and walked back toward the inlet into which the current had swept them the night before. Thorne was alert for bits of valuable wreckage, and often ran down and rescued a cask or chest from the surf. The tide was almost at its full, and it was possible to drag these articles above high water mark.

They left the cave and walked back toward the inlet into which the current had swept them the night before. Thorne was alert for bits of valuable wreckage, and often ran down and rescued a cask or chest from the surf. The tide was almost at its full, and it was possible to drag these articles above high water mark.

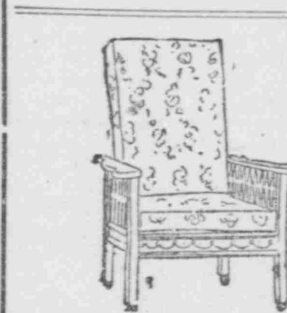
They left the cave and walked back toward the inlet into which the current had swept them the night before. Thorne was alert for bits of valuable wreckage, and often ran down and rescued a cask or chest from the surf. The tide was almost at its full, and it was possible to drag these articles above high water mark.

They left the cave and walked back toward the inlet into which the current had swept them the night before. Thorne was alert for bits of valuable wreckage, and often ran down and rescued a cask or chest from the surf. The tide was almost at its full, and it was possible to drag these articles above high water mark.

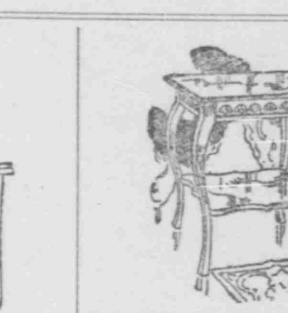
They left the cave and walked back toward the inlet into which the current had swept them the night before. Thorne was alert for bits of valuable wreckage, and often ran down and rescued a cask or chest from the surf. The tide was almost at its full, and it was possible to drag these articles above high water mark.

THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

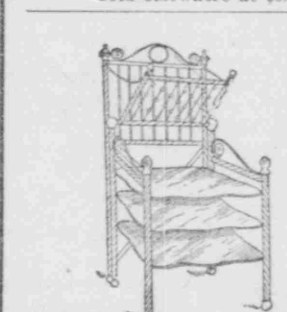
The Hub Furniture Company's Money Saving Policy
a Boon to You at Such a Time as This



\$3.95 for fine Oak Morris Chair, with velvet cushions; sold elsewhere at \$7.00.
\$6.95 for fine Oak Morris Chair; sold elsewhere at \$10.00.
\$5.00 for very good Morris Chair; sold elsewhere at \$8.00.



98¢ for Solid Oak Parlor Table; sold elsewhere at \$1.50.
\$1.95 for very handsome Quartered Oak Parlor Table; sold elsewhere for \$3.00.
\$1.48 for Quartered Oak Polished Parlor Table; sold elsewhere for \$2.50.
\$4.50 for handsome Mahogany-finish Parlor Table; cost you elsewhere \$8.00.
\$2.95 for Quartered Oak Parlor Table; cost you elsewhere \$4.00.



\$1.69 for Gold Finished Music Rack; a positive \$3 value.
79¢ for Beautiful Roman Seat; sold elsewhere at \$1.50.
\$1.75 for Handsome Mahogany-finish Corner Chair; sold elsewhere at \$3.50.



\$3.50 for Solid Oak Desk, with top rail; sold elsewhere at \$5.00.
\$4.95 for handsome Solid Oak Desk, with drawer; sold elsewhere at \$7.50.

HUB FURNITURE CO.,
WASHINGTON'S
LEADING FURNITURE STORE,
Cor. 7th and D Sts. N. W.

"Be Wise"

Buy where you can get the best values and quality.

We carry only solid gold jewelry—no plated stuff here.

We guarantee to save you money on every purchase.

Castelberg's

Washington's Leading Jeweler.

935 Penna Ave

Established 56 years